

782.6
M382n
1860

AN OPERETTA,

ENTITLED THE

Marriage of Georgette:

THE MUSIC BY

MONS. MASSE

ADAPTED BY

MR. WILLIAM HARRISON.

FIRST PRODUCED AT

THE ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN,

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF

MISS LOUISA PYNE AND MR. W. HARRISON

SOLE LESSEES,

MONDAY, NOV. 25TH, 1860.

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Dramatis Personæ.

JACQUES MR. H. CORRI.

GEORGETTE MISS LOUISA PYNE.

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THE
MARRIAGE OF GEORGETTE

SCENE I.

Interior of a rustic French Cottage, Door in c. Window, through which is a view of the Village. On the l., a Bed with Curtains drawn around it, also a Door conducting to the Garden; to the r. a Staircase, with wooden banisters, conducting to the Granary, and a Door underneath the Staircase, conducting to the Kitchen, or Out-house; Table—Chairs—Buffet. As the curtain rises, laughing and shouting from the Village. JACQUES enters precipitately through the c. Door, dressed like a Peasant Bridegroom.

JAC. Whew! Oh! my brains, haven't I narrowly escaped—one word more, and I should have been married. Married—ugh! the very thought gives me the cold shivers. When I found the moment was positively arrived; that the mayor had put on his scarf; that the bells were all ringing; and that all the village was staring at me, the responsibility of marriage presented itself. I gazed on Georgette—fear seized me, and, egad, I ran as if the very deuce was at my heels. Hark! (*going towards the door*) the bells no longer ring, and my friends appear to have dispersed. Ah! ha—ha—ha! I am not sorry to be quit of it thus!

RECIT. AND AIR.

At last, I am alone,
And here I am at home;
Now let who will come
Knocking at my door,
I am very sure
They will not entrance get—
That's flat!

My dear friends, the bridegroom's gone,
So return now to your home;
Also you, grave sly old Notary,
Who so anxious were to marry me;
Those fine ruffles pray take off—
Me respite,
Ease your sight,
And your spectacles now doff.

Some other you may marry;
 But I single will stay—
 A bachelor I'll tarry,
 Ever gay as the day.
 Thus, thus, I renounce Hymen—
 Young love, I am too poor—
 The contract is broken,
 I'll be free evermore.
 Some other you may marry, &c.

With the dawn, as in a dream,
 I felt my heart surprised—
 All young husbands, I should deem,
 By me would be advised ;
 I unclosed my eyes—I rose—
 I put on my wedding clothes—
 When, lo ! shouting at my door,
 With songs and garlands rare,
 All the village—all were there !

In favors bright as May-day,
 There stand our friends all gaily,
 Georgette, my pretty bride,
 Laughing sly at my alarm,
 Soft tripping to my side,
 She gently leaned upon my arm.
 Georgette leaned upon my arm—
 Ah ! she leaned upon my arm, &c.

Georgette and I were standing
 Right opposite the Mayor—
 The Notary leaning on his chair,
 Holding in hand a parchment rare.
 What have I done ?
 Ah, me ! What shall I do ?

All our gay neighbours
 Are looking at us :
 Their mocking air,
 Seems to me clear—
 I'm seized with fear,
 My blood runs cold,
 I lose my senses,
 My fear intense is,
 My blood runs cold ;
 No longer bold—
 I ran ; nor paused till my legs brought me home.

The compact's broken, the wedding's done,
 The contract's broken, the lover's gone—
 The bridegroom, he has flown ;
 Return, return, friends, to your home.
 My dear friends, the bridegroom's gone, &c.

[End of song. THOMAS appears at window.]

THO. Ho ! Jacques !

JAC. Ah ! ha ! What, who calls me ? (sees THOMAS.) Oh, is it you, Thomas ?

THO. Yes, it's I, [tittering].

JAC. Well, what do you want ?

THOS. I've come to say that your friends are waiting for you at the Wheat-Sheaf here.

JAC. What to do ?

THO. What to do ! Why, to congratulate you.

JAC. Indeed—you did not meet Georgette on your way here, did you ?

THO. Why, patience, man ! make your mind easy, she'll be with you, by-and-by ; now, your friends are waiting for you ; and the lads and lasses, and the violins at the door of the Wheat-Sheaf on the lawn, and Margot told me to come and fetch—

JAC. (interrupting) Margot ?

THO. Rose, Jacqueline, and Fanchette—all the country lasses who have come to your wedding are waiting, and won't return without a dance, I can tell you.

JAC. Tell them I'll come ; I will but change this coat, and join you.

THO. Be quick, then.

JAC. Never fear. (THOMAS disappears.) Herc's a pretty fix ! what shall I do ? Let me see—(takes off his coat and hangs it on a nail,) there, I shall be more at ease ; (tries to open a drawer in bureau,) deuce take the drawer—there (he pulls it out angrily, and falls with it,) that's right ! covered with dust ! (arranges his clothes and seats himself. The chair is broken, and he falls,) Hallo ! nothing seems to have a leg to stand upon ; (takes chair and looks at it,) Ah ! well, it was my grandfather's. (A knocking at c.d.) Yes, yes, I'm ready—I'm coming—(puts on his coat and goes towards door.) ha ! 'tis Margot ; hem ! she has come herself to fetch me ; Ah, this it is to be a charming fellow. First, (goes towards l. h. d.) let me shut the garden door—Georgette's cottage is but two steps hence, and, if she should take it into her head to come and demand explanations, I might feel embarrassed. (knocking repeated.) Who is that ? Margot, is it you ?

[Opens door, and GEORGETTE appears in bridal dress.]

JAC. (*Aside*) Defend us! I needn't have troubled myself to shut the door.

GEO. You were going out, Monsieur Jacques?

JAC. Yes, I was; that is to say—will you sit down?

GEO. Thank you. I will not detain you long—your friends are waiting for you.

JAC. Yes, they are; that is to say Thomas—friend Thomas, you know—the son of Thomas, the wheelwright.

GEO. And Rose, and Fanchette, and Margot—they, also, are waiting, are they not? Well, it matters not to me; but before you go, tell me frankly why you have refused me thus, before all the world.

JAC. Why—hem—really, Mademoiselle Georgette, I beg your pardon—but—hem—you see—

GEO. Well, Sir!

JAC. Well, you see the thing is done now, and cannot be undone.

GEO. And you have made me the village talk! Was that well done, Monsieur Jacques?

JAC. (*aside*.) My word! Don't her eyes strike fire!

GEO. But I demand to know your reasons.

JAC. My reasons—did you say my reasons?

GEO. Let us see—was it not you who first spoke of marriage?

JAC. Yes; it was I.

GEO. And was it not you who fixed our wedding day? who invited our friends? who provided a dance? and who told me often that you loved me dearly?

JAC. Yes; that was I.

GEO. Then, why did you refuse to sign the contract? why did you run away when the notary and all the village were there?

JAC. (*scratching his coat*.) Why—because—

GEO. Because what? Because you wished to make me the village jest. Has any one been saying anything against me?—

JAC. Oh, no!

GEO. Or did you find me very ugly this morning, in my bridal dress?

JAC. Oh, no; you looked prettier then ever.

GEO. If you prefer Mademoiselle Rose or Mademoiselle Margot, pray say so—don't consider my feelings.

JAC. You very well know, Georgette, that you are a pretty lass, and that I do love you dearly; but it is marriage that frightens me.

GEO. Marriage that frightens you!

JAC. Yes; I have reflected.

GEO. You ought to have reflected before you offered to marry me—you ought to have reflected before you fixed the wedding day ; and, the wedding day having arrived, you ought not to reflect at all.

JAC. Very true ; but hear me. Marriage is venturing on—I know not what. A little wife here, little children there ; little cares—O ! heaps of pretty little things that appear very charming in the distance, but, when the shock comes, and the wedding day really arrives, then come reflections, one after another, faster than crows can fly, together with sundry fears and misgivings that make marriage appear a very serious affair. Then everybody seems laughing in one's face ; the notary looks very grand and inquiring ; the moment has arrived ; the contract must be signed ; you grow bewildered ; fear seizes you ; and then—

GEO. (*interrupting him.*) And then you leave the bride ? Without thinking of the insult you offer her, you leave, and shut yourself up at home, without caring for her, or even once turning your head to see if the poor girl's eyes are not filled with tears.

[*Leaning on a chair.*

JAC. (*quickly.*) Don't faint on that—the leg is broken.

GEO. Not that I cried, Monsieur Jacques—oh dear, no ! I don't love you well enough for that ! Don't let me detain you, pray. I know now all I wish to know, and you had better rejoin your friends.

JAC. (*aside.*) Oh, ho—is it thus she takes it ! (*Aloud*) Then you will not have me ?

GEO. (*L.*) Why should you wish it, Monsieur Jacques ? That you might have the power again to refuse me ?

JAC. Hem ! (*aside.*) I am rather sorry I ran away from her, now.

GEO. I had made many plans for our happiness, Monsieur Jacques. I had arranged how to employ to the best advantage the little that we have ; how to buy a piece of ground for a kitchen-garden ; how to rebuild the barn ; I had thought, also, what pleasure it would have given me to replace these old pieces of furniture, which were your grandfather's, with those my dear good mother gave me, which are entirely new.

JAC. Oh, indeed ! New, are they ? Entirely new ?

GEO. They are, but you will not have them. Excuse me, Monsieur Jacques, let us speak of them no more.

JAC. (*aside*) To look at her, who would believe she could put me down so ? (*aloud.*) Well, then, you will not have me ?

GEO. Have I not said so ? Go, Monsieur Jacques ! 'Tis a true proverb : one love lost, a hundred found ; and this is

what I told my father, who insists upon coming here himself, notwithstanding his gout, to shoot you.

JAC. What?

GEO. Oh, yes: to shoot you.

JAC. The deuce! I forgot the old soldier.

(*Voices without.*) Ho, Jacques! Jacques! Come, haste!

GEO. Your friends are calling you—don't let them wait. (giving his hat) Here is your hat, Monsieur Jacques.

JAC. (aside.) Oh, is it so! (aloud.) Adieu, Mademoiselle Georgette.

GEO. Your servant, Monsieur Jacques.

JAC. (aside.) She does not look at all distressed—cool as a snow storm. I always heard that women's hearts were very tough! (Dashing out.)

GEO. And we are parted! Ah, there was a time when I believed he loved me too much to cause me tears (*wiping her eyes*). Still I will bear up, for at least he has nothing to reproach me with. He says it is marriage that frightens him. But, then, why not tell me so before? I would gladly have waited another year to have been his wife.

SONG.

Amongst the village swains who fondly sought my love,
Oft it puzzled me which one it should be.

But in choosing him my heart did approve—
Oh, what an affront thus to be refused!

To-morrow at me confused, they all will laugh, depend on't!

Oh, this poor heart is breaking
With its load of care!

Is he then forsaking
One who loves so dear?

The contract when to sign, my lips would hardly move,
I had to say no—I who love him so.

In replying, yes, I should more approve.
Oh, what an affront thus to be refused!

To-morrow at me confused, they all will laugh, depend on't!
Ah, this poor heart is breaking! &c.

[Laughing and shouting without.

What is't I hear?

[Going towards window.

RECITATIVE.

What means this shouting and this noise?
With his friends
Loudly he does rejoice.

Yes, 'tis he ! Of me he does not think ;
 Gaily he invites them to drink.
 'Tis his voice ! Yes, I hear his voice !

[Opens the window.]

JAC. Margot—Margot—
 Come—nor say no—
 Your pretty feet show !
 The dance now commences
 To sound of violins,
 And sweet tambourins !
 The moments will fly,
 Leaping with joy,
 We'll all begin !

[Chorus behind scenes : "Margot, Margot."]
 Margot, you laughing sly one,
 Ever so light and gay,
 Cheerful as the day,
 Your heart is never shut
 To any kind gay garçon.

[Chorus : "Margot, Margot."]
 [During the Chorus, GEORGETTE perceives JACQUES' coat ; she takes it off the rail, and tears (angrily) the bouquet and ribbon from the breast.

Margot, it is quite clear
 She wishes to be free,
 No Notary to see,
 Nor to shackle her lover
 With bonds so severe.

[Chorus : "Margot, Margot."]

RECITATIVE.

GEO. List ! At me they are railing,
 They toast the fair Margot !
 Whilst I'm complaining,
 Their wine cups flow.

[Leaning on the window.]

What see I ? Yes, 'tis Rose !
 He fondly does embrace her.
 Georgette, begone !
 Quickly leave the place.

Tears from me depart, now,
 From me depart.
 This prevents our marriage,
 This unfeeling outrage !
 And my gentle heart now,
 Beneath the smart,
 Is inspired with courage.

Though full of care
 At this unkindness,
 I still wish here
 To be the mistress.
 Ere comes the night,
 Before them all,
 Low at my feet
 I'll see him fall !
 Tears from me depart, now,
 From me depart.
 This prevents our marriage,
 This unfeeling outrage,
 And my gentle heart now,
 Beneath the smart,
 Is inspired with courage.

[End of song. Exit with JACQUES' bouquet l. h. door, just as JACQUES appears at door in c.

JAC. (*speaks on the threshold.*) Yes, my pretty Rose—yes, my dear Margot; I go to find my wedding bouquet for you, to make a wreath of. Wait for me there. (*entering.*) Ah! ha—ha—ha! What merry, merry girls! Pretty girls, ain't they—charming! Ah! ha—ha! Haven't we laughed? Haven't we drunk? The little I've drunk, though, has made my legs—no, my head, topsy turvy—very topsy turvy. What have I come here to find? I don't exactly know. Oh! (*he sits as if fatigued, and really falls; then takes up the chair, and looks wisely at it.*) Oh—ha! Never mind, I'm not married. I'm free—I'm free! I've had a glorious morning. (*singing.*) "Margot, Margot, your pretty feet show;" hold—the dance—I had forgotten the dance—and I intend to dance myself, when—(*rapping his forehead.*) Ah, I remember! It was my wedding bouquet I came here to find. (*taking down his coat.*) How's this? Gone! disappeared! Ah, I must have dropped it running home, escaping from Monsieur le Maire. (*going to l. h. door.*) Don't be impatient, Margot; I will go and cull you another from my garden.

[The door opens and GEORGETTE appears; she has taken off her wedding wreath and bouquet.

DUET.

GEO. Hold, stay there, if you please.
 JAC. What, you here still, I see!
 GEO. Yes, I'm here still!
 JAC. Pray, sir, shut the door.
 GEO. Certainly; but may I ask what for?

GEO. And also turn the key.

JAC. But—

GEO. But, sir, I desire
To speak with you alone, I do require.
Aye, and you must remain
And hear what I've to say.

JAC. The deucc—I'm done.

[Fastening the door—Returning to GEORGETTE

Once her tongue begins to play !
Speak quick then—I can't stay all day !

Indeed !

JAC. Poor girl. You appear in a passion,

GEO. Yes, truly, I am in a passion.

JAC. I only seek to know, my fair one,

What you wish to stop me now for ?

GEO. That you your conduct may deplore ;

To-day you have my heart rejected,

Nor by one thought my love respected,

Therefore I swear to be revenged.

JAC. Indeed ! You swear to be revenged. Oh !

Ha ! ha ! methinks you are much changed now.

(*Aside.*) Thus begun, where will she finish ?

GEO. Your falsehood, this hour I'll punish !

List ! My father's coming hither.

JAC. What, your father coming hither ?

GEO. Coming hither !

JAC. Me to punish ?

GEO. You to punish.

JAC. Me to punish ?

GEO. To false youths he'll make

You a warning.

Your fate will be a sad lesson.

For your insult to me

This morning,

He will soon demand the reason.

JAC. He will demand the reason ?

GEO. He will demand the reason. Oh, yes !

JAC. What a bore !

Geo. What a bore !

JAC. Are you sure ?

GEO. I am sure.

JAC. What a bore ! (*aside.*)

Oh, the devil !

This will end ill.

This good man means for me to fall.

He comes hither
Me to wither ;
Which proceeding,
And no wedding,
Does not suit me at all.

GEO. Come good or ill,
I have sworn still
To be revenged before them all.
See now whether
He'll come hither,
Repenting, at my feet to fall.

JAC. But—

GEO. Say you ?
JAC. I thought your father was disabled.

GEO. He is now well.

JAC. He is now well !

GEO. He is now well ; he swears,
Not heeding his great age,
He'll come ; he's quite restored
To strength, and to his courage !
And I saw him just now
Load his pistols.

JAC. He has just loaded his pistols ?

GEO. He has !

JAC. Loaded pistol ?

GEO. Loaded pistol !

JAC. (with an exclamation of comic rage.)

Ah, the devil !

This will end ill, &c.

GEO. Come good or ill,

I have sworn still, &c.

Since fire-arms greatly alarm you,
And my father's firm courage you know ;
Since pistols, when loaded, may harm you,
You'd better avert the sad blow.

Write then your name quite clear on this page,
Which straight to my father I'll show ;
For me he'll assemble the village,
And then in my turn I'll say : no.

JAC. You wish me to write my name
At the foot of this page ?

GEO. To escape his rage.

JAC. And I shall hear nothing more
About the pistol ?

GEO. You never shall.

JAC. (*approaching table, and signing quickly.*)

My peace is signed, so I 'll be gay,
And from my mind drive care away.
Talk not of love where wine is found,
Gay pleasures move and dance around.

GEO. His peace is signed, which makes him gay,
And from his mind drives care away.
Talk not of love—revenge abound,
Thy courage prove to all around.

JAC. Don't you believe that your father's gun has
frightened me ! I sign because it pleases me.

GEO. I'm content.

JAC. There is your paper—you had better take it again
—I don't know what is written above.

GEO. That is because you can't read !

JAC. Not read!

GEO. If you could read you would have seen immediately
that it was the contract.

JAC. What contract ?

GEO. Our wedding contract.

JAC. What—and you have forced me to sign it ?

GEO. Forced you ! You have signed it because it pleased
you, so you said.

JAC. Yes, but—

GEO. It is not the fear of my father's gun that makes
you sign, is it ?

JAC. No—but—

GEO. Well !

JAC. Well, but—

GEO. Well, but what ? (*putting the paper to his eyes.*)
You plainly see there is only your name on this paper. If
I write mine, all will be finished ; but make your mind easy,
Monsieur Jacques, I will not sign. You have refused me
this morning, and now it is in my power to return the com-
pliment ; and I will show the contract to the whole village,
to let them see that I now refuse you ! I shall say every-
where that you have repented too late—that I love you no
more, and that in less than eight hours I shall decide upon
marrying another.

JAC. Oh ! ha—ha ! since it is thus, Mademoiselle, I have
nothing to say ; go, show your contract to all the world—say
everywhere that you have this hour refused me. It matters
not if the village laugh at me ; I can happily laugh with
them.

GEO. And I can laugh also !

JAC. That's right ! Let us laugh together. 'Tis best to

laugh always (*looking about him.*) By-the-by, you have not seen my bouquet, have you? I promised it to the pretty Margot; where is my bouquet?

GEO. (*coldly*) Monsieur Jacques!

JAC. Mademoiselle!

GEO. Will you have the kindness to step into the garden, and see if my cousin is there?

JAC. Your cousin?

GEO. Yes, my cousin Pierre! I told him to wait for me at the garden-gate.

JAC. Indeed! Suppose you go yourself.

GEO. Monsieur Jacques!

JAC. Very well, I go because it pleases me; that is, I don't mind seeing from the door if he is there.

[Pushes door *L. H.*, open.

GEO. Well!

JAC. Oh, yes—there he is, making ducks and drakes in the pond.

GEO. Oh! that's right, go and fetch him.

JAC. Fetch him!—not if I know it.

GEO. I pray you.

JAC. That is sufficient; I go to fetch him, because it pleases you. Ho! Pierre—Pierre!

[*Exit.*

GEO. Oh, he can laugh with the others; it matters not to him—heigh-ho! If I had signed, he would not perhaps have laughed so gaily. Let us see—this hand again is free; now is the time—shall I sign, or shall I not sign? it only depends upon myself. Yes—but it will be so agreeable to give him back the insult, and in my turn publicly refuse to marry him—that is true; but he won't mind it—and, then, shan't I find it more agreeable to have a good husband? for he would not be a bad one, I'm sure—I'm sure, too, that he loves me, in his heart; besides, if I should sign—it would be so very droll!

JAC. (*without.*) There—go in there!

GEO. (*running to the table.*) Oh, my gracious! they are here! now then—(*signs quickly and folds paper.*)

[Enter JACQUES, leading PIERRE by the arm.

JAC. Here is your cousin.

PIE. Will you have the kindness to let me go!

[JACQUES releases him, and pushes him by the shoulders.

GEO. (*in an under tone.*) Pierre, listen to me—you see this paper?

PIE. I do, cousin.

GEO. Well, carry it directly to my father, to the mayor, to the notary, to the village, to the whole world! D'ye hear?

PIE. I do, cousin.

GEO. And loiter not by the way.

PIE. I won't, cousin.

GEO. And hearken, (*whispers to him.*)

JAC. (*aside.*) She seems a fixture ! why doesn't she go ?
What is all this with Pierre ? I hate so much whispering.

GEO. Eh ! you said—

JAC. I ! oh—nothing.

GEO. (*to Pierre.*) Now then, you understand me—go quickly.

PIE. That I will, cousin. (*turning towards JACQUES.*)
Oh—ho ! I can't help laughing—ho—ho !

[Just shows the paper to JACQUES, then runs off.

JAC. (*running after him.*) What's that you say ? I do believe he laughed at me !

GEO. (*aside*) All will look very nice, when I have arranged the things here. (*Seats herself and looks around.*)

JAC. (*aside*) Well, I'm sure—she seems installed here. What is she doing now ?—(*Aloud*) Mademoiselle—

GEO. What ?

JAC. You are not going, then ?

GEO. Going ? What for ?

JAC. (*aside.*) Well that's cool—(*Aloud*) What for ?

GEO. Aye, since I am at home.

JAC. At home.

GEO. Are we not married ?

JAC. Married !

GEO. What ! did you not know that I had signed.

JAC. What ?

GEO. Yes, I have changed my mind, and signed.

JAC. Signed ! signed what ?

GEO. Our marriage contract.

JAC. Our marriage contract ? you have signed ? when only this very hour you protested to the contrary ?

GEO. Yes, but you wished me.

JAC. Oh, deceitful, false, designing girl. Ah ! traitress ; fool that I was—

GEO. You do well to complain, Monsieur Jacques.

JAC. Let me be quiet.

GEO. But.—

JAC. Be silent.

GEO. Well, I'm sure I shan't. Be silent ! this is really too much ; you're a nice young man I don't think ; but I am not so ugly after all. There are perhaps at this very hour plenty of young men who would be glad to be in your place, and, without boasting, all the girls in the village are not to be compared to myself.

JAC. For them to be like you would indeed be difficult ; you're vastly pretty, but you're vastly deep ; the other girls are not so knowing. I like them the better for it, and if you think you're going to hold your head high now you're much deceived, I warn you. You will have me—very well, I warn you ! I'm the master, dy'e hear ? and I'll have you obey me, d'ye hear ? fly at my voice, d'ye hear ? for I am a perfect tiger, d'ye hear ? (*working himself into a rage.*)

GEO. Oh dear, don't be angry Monsieur Jacques. I will do all you bid me.

SONG—JACQUES.

Oh you can' little know, my dear,
The lot on which you venture here.
A perfect tyrant, always angry,
Drinking oft and cruel very,
Sometimes jealous, quite a fury.

Quite a fury.

Troth, if you don't admire rough usage,
Dwell not here in this poor cottage.
First I alone dine at my table,
At which you'll wait with patient looks.
Then—this believe me is no fable,
I always eat a roasted ox.

GEO. A roasted ox ?

JAC. A roasted ox !

No more gay ribbons, caps and laces ;
Woollen you'll wear, and wash up dishes.
Yes, with those hands
Scour the saucepans.
Mind all things I say,
Nor loiter through the day.
And whilst I sleep sound,
With the day dawning,
Early each morning,
My rage will abound,
If you do not rise and trudge,
By yourself to market.

GEO. Trudge to market ?

JAC. Trudge to market !

Now then be sure you do not falter,
'Tis best to know what you must do,
You must take the horse to water
And to the meadows drive the cow.

GEO. I drive the cow ?

JAC. You drive the cow.

And when your morning work is done,

You'll in the granary thresh the corn,
 No more talking, always working.
 Give the horses chaff
 And attend the calf ;
 Also I shall feast,
 Spending all the tin,
 Leaving you to spin,
 Caring not the least,
 But, when I come back,
 Always call me Monsieur Jacques.

GEO. What, Monsieur Jacques ?

JAC. Yes, Monsieur Jacques.

Ah, you little know, my dear
 The lot on which you venture here.

GEO. Come, come, Jacques.

JAC. (*proudly.*) Monsieur Jacques.

GEO. Well, Monsieur Jacques ! The wine has mounted to your head. You are not so wicked as you say you are.

JAC. Not so wicked, listen ! I'm frightful ; something alarming ! Take my advice, go and get the contract immediately and tear it up ; 'tis the best thing you can do.

GEO. Never !

JAC. Never !

GEO. Never !

JAC. Well then, as I have said, beware !

GEO. I shall endeavour to do so.

JAC. Oh ! is that it ?

GEO. The cottage pleases me, and I shall remain.

JAC. Oh, the cottage pleases you, and you will remain (*tearing down the bed-curtains, and breaking all the furniture.*) There, there, there ! chairs, cups, saucers, plates, everything (*tears down his coat from the wall and throws it in the midst of the furniture*) ; there, there, there ! The cottage pleases you, does it ? Pray stay now—most delightful happy marriage—Ugh ! (*Stamping.*) By all means.

GEO. Jacques, Jacques ! my friend.

JAC. I am not your friend ! begone, I'm going into the granary, and I forbid you to follow me (*running up stairs*). Entrapped ! misery ! madness—(*pushes open granary door*).

[*Exit.*]

GEO. Oh, what a state he is in ! but does he then really hate me ? Him who I thought so kind, so gentle, and so loving. No, it is not possible ! It is Pierre Guerard's wine that has turned his brain. He is not always thus (*looks at the furniture*), everything is broken—it is very well he did not stamp the floor through ; it is to be hoped that he will not

recommence when my new furniture is in its place ! it was a capital idea to tell Pierre to bring it hither. Now if I can but arrange it before he awakes, the cottage will not seem like the same, and perhaps it will be as well that the furniture was so old (*looking towards granary door*). Oh ! cruel one ! I love you better than you ever loved me ; if I could but see what he is doing there (*goes up and gently opens door*) ; he is lying on the hay ; he sleeps ; (*descending*). What's that ? nothing ! I thought he had heard me ! Ah, he will be all the better for sleeping (*takes up his coat*). Ah, poor wedding-coat, thou art all torn ; let me see if I cannot mend it before they arrive (*takes out needle-book and begins to work*). Heigh-ho ! this is indeed a wedding-day. Ah well, it will finish better than it has commenced.

SONG.

Fly nimbly with your work, my fingers,
 Oh, needle help me swift to ply,
 Tell him thus the love that lingers
 In the young heart he passes coldly by.
 I cannot see ! 'tis like a spell,
 My fingers move, but naught appears ;
 Perhaps when he regards this well,
 There still may be some trace
 Of Georgette's heart-felt tears.
 Fly nimbly, &c.

Ah yes, repaired the coat will be,
 He then will see his poor Georgette
 Loves still, and wishes still that he,
 Repenting what is past,
 Should love and trust her yet.

Fly nimbly, &c.

[Enter VILLAGERS with Furniture.

Come in friends, and dress the cottage for me ; happily Jacques is sleeping, and I shall prepare an agreeable surprise for him—place the cupboard here ; 'tis full of flax of my own spinning ; the press here, where by-and-by I'll arrange my cups and shining pewter ; the chairs here, no fear of sitting down on them ; and bring the the table, also—my table where I and Jacques will dine—oh, how nice that will be ! and put up the curtains. Thank ye, friends. Now, all's arranged, I'll bid you good day, lest he awakes. Hark, I hear him coming ! Quick, quick, away ; gently, don't let your footsteps be heard. Good-by, friends, and thank ye.

[Exeunt VILLAGERS.

GEO. (*looking about her.*) Ah, all looks charming now !

PIE. Hi—hi—hi.

GEO. Oh, are you there? Well, help me to lay the cloth for he is sure to be hungry when he awakes (*they lay the cloth*). By-the-bye, what do they say in the village?

PIE. Say, why they are all topsy turvy; it has made a fine commotion; one talking here, another there, the women talking everywhere; and the curé demanding why the bells have stopped ringing, and such a—I never—

GEO. (*interrupting*) Hush!

PIE. What, cousin?

GEO. (*mounting three stairs*) Did you hear nothing?

PIE. In the granary: 'tis the rats.

GEO. Stupid, 'tis my husband.

PIE. Is it, indeed? then I shall run.

GEO. No, no, come to the kitchen with me; you can help me; quick, quick.

[Exit hastily through door under the staircase.

[JACQUES enters from granary gaping and stretching his arms, his kerchief untied.

JAC. Ah—ah—ough—it seems I have been to sleep. I've had some droll dreams! Ah, that's the odour of the hay, (*sits as if exhausted*)—that's well. I dreamed that I was married and then that I was not married, and then, and then,—(*rising*). Why, I am married,—simpleton, dolt.—Married, did I not break all the furniture my grandfather left me? I'm in a pretty condition to begin the world at present. Eh! (*looking round him*). Surely I can't see clearly: it can't be! it isn't possible! new, really new! and the cloth laid, too, just as I am so hungry! Some fairy has been here. Can it be that my wife—

SONG.

GEO. (*without*) At my cottage door

Two young hawthorn-trees bloom,
Whose loving breath evermore
Fills the air with perfume.
Mid'st the branches
Gently lodged is
A nightingale, who
(On her mate her power to prove)
Trills her lay of love;
And here quite concealed
Mid'st the flowers
Melodious warbling she pours.

JAC. She never told me could sing like that.

[Seeing the door open, he goes up a few stairs.

GEO. - Sweet bird, like thee
 I 'll charm with love's melody.
 Does oft my listening ear rejoice
 Thy enchanting voice
 Sure sure some Zephyr
 Does thy breath inspire
 And young love wakes
 At accents so melodious ;
 To hear more clear
 Thy beauteous song, sweet charmer,
 The gentle waves enwrapt appease
 Their murmur.
 The perfumed air plays
 Round thy arbour ;
 Day its course has done,
 And sweetly smiling
 Passes on.

JAC. (*Aside.*) It is my wife !

[End of first part of song. GEORGETTE enters holding a salad in one hand and a basket in the other.

[At the end of second part of song, JACQUES (standing at top of staircase, before a little glass hung on the wall,) repairs in haste his disordered toilette.—GEORGETTE observing his actions, still singing, and stripping the leaves off the salad in the basket, places it upon the table. Towards the end of song, GEORGETTE gaily balances her basket to the air. JACQUES approaches and extends his arm as if to embrace her; then suddenly recollects himself, and draws back.

JAC. (*Aside.*) No, no ; I must not be the first to return.

GEO. Oh, are you there, Monsieur Jacques ? Excuse me, I did not know—

JAC. Why do you sing ? I don't like people to sing here.

GEO. Don't be angry, Monsieur Jacques. I will not sing again.

JAC. (*Aside.*) I shall be disappointed if she don't. This is delightful ! (*She goes into the kitchen, and returns immediately with a plate covered with a white cloth, which she is about to place on table.*) Hum ! you must fancy it takes something considerable to make me angry if you think it can be agreeable for me to find all my household thus disordered.

GEO. How disordered ? Sure you have not seen the—

JAC. Oh yes I have ! I see the furniture (*pushing the table with his foot*), but I was accustomed to the other.

GEO. Will you have it replaced ?

JAC. Oh, at present it is broken—is it not ?

GEO. It is; but if you—

JAC. Silence ! don't ask such a thing. (*aside*) This smells very good. Hem ! What's this ? what is this ?

GEO. (*with sadness.*) It's an omelette.

JAC. Of bacon?

GEO. Of bacon.

JAC. (*sitting down to the table.*) So, you make omelettes of bacon, do you?

GEO. It is not for myself that I made it, Monsieur Jacques, but for you.

JAC. Who told you I liked bacon?

GEO. I thought—I believed—

JAC. (*seizing the plates.*) You thought—you believed—and you yourself—(*GEOGETTE retires back.*)

GEO. Oh, I have dined.

JAC. Where?

GEO. In the kitchen.

JAC. Then you must dine again here! In the kitchen! Here's an idea! She is very pretty, my little wife. Ho! what are you doing there?

GEO. Scouring the pewter, Monsieur Jacques. Do you want me?

JAC. (*laughing aside.*) Of course I do! (*then speaking roughly.*) Yes, I wish you to wait upon me.

GEO. I am here.

JAC. (*aside.*) She certainly is the prettiest girl in the village. (*aloud.*) I wish you to serve me seated.

GEO. Seated?

JAC. Seated.

GEO. (*fetching a chair.*) Here, Monsieur?

JAC. Here.

DUET.

JAC. Sit down—'tis my wish—sit down,
You are bound to obey me.

GEO. Oh what joy! That altered tone
Sweetly spell-bound seems to stay me.

JAC. I wish for your good company,
Therefore sit, and let us dine.

GEO. So gently now he speaks to me,
I fondly hope his heart is mine.

JAC. Take some bread without delay.

[*Cutting some bread, and offering it.*

GEO. Oh no, I dare not;

JAC. And why not, pray?

(*Aloud.*) I command (*soft*), you will obey!

GEO. Oh, be sure I'll do all you say.

Ah, indeed, I'll do all you say.

My fond heart will sure its joy reveal,
 Yes, yes, he loves me truly now
 He's silent, but what his lips conceal
 His speaking eyes plainly avow.

JAC. My heart will sure its joy reveal,
 Yes, she loves me truly now,
 Nor from her can I my love conceal,
 These trembling limbs the truth avow.

GEO. Approach, approach, go nearer to her, pray.

JAC. Approach, approach, go nearer sure I may.
 How now, where is your glass, my dear?
 But here's mine, for you I'll fill.

GEO. Oh joy! No longer he's severe,
 Ah, traitor, you love me still!

JAC. Wine alone could never charm me,
 Wine with you would cheat the hours.

[Setting another glass.]

GEO. Throbbing heart, these tears gently calm me,
 Distilling dew on love's fresh flowers.

JAC. Come, take this wine without delay!

GEO. Oh, no, I dare not.

JAC. And why not, pray?

GEO. I command, and you will obey.

JAC. Oh, be sure I'll do all you say,

Oh, indeed, I'll do all you say,

My fond heart, &c.,

JAC. I could'nt help it. [Embraces GEORGETTE.]

GEO. (with joy, rising from her seat.)

Fie, Monsieur! embrace me!

Of your boldness I may well complain.

JAC. From this heart I can't release you,

If you wish, I'll give it back again.

[He extends his arms, and GEORGETTE embraces him.]

GEO. My fond heart will sure its joy reveal,
 Ah yes, he loves me truly, now;
 This embrace betrays the love we feel,
 And here at once completes our vow.

JAC. My fond heart will sure its joys reveal,
 Ah yes, she loves me truly, now,
 This embrace betrays the love I feel,
 And here alone completes my vow.

[End of duet. THOMAS appears at the window.]

THO. Halloo! Shall I call again?

JAC. Ah, the simpleton!

Tho. Don't mind me. So you're not married at all, find.

Jac. What?

GEO. What?

Tho. You haven't signed the contract before the notary, so that the notary says its no use. (*to Jacques.*) You did know this, then?

Jac. Ah, bah!

GEO. Oh, my heart!

Tho. All the village are talking of it; and I and all the village wait your coming—ha, ha, ha!

[Disappears from the window, laughing.]

JAC. (*running to Georgette, who appears fainting.*) Georgette, Georgette! Look up, dear girl!

GEO. Oh, Monsieur Jacques!

JAC. What do you fear? Do you believe I will disown you now? [*opening c. door.*] Come in, then, neighbours, all come in. [*Enter THOMAS, PIERRE and PEASANTS, preceded by two violinists.*] Yes, dearest Georgette, your smiles shall charm away my fears! Your winning gentleness retain my love! Friends and neighbours all, approve the marriage of Georgette. Behold, my friends, this is my wife.

Geo. Friends, my husband here you see for life.

CHORUS.

That this quarrel we might tell,
Would finish in your marriage,
The lovers' looks declare full well ;
The maiden's bashful carriage
Oh this quarrel we might tell,
Would soon finish in your marriage.

[Chorus, old men, basses.]

Truly now when young,
Many years agone,
Neighbours, when came our wedding morn.
Full of youth and love,
Talking in the grove,
We were before the sun was dawning.
GEO. Your wedding coat will you not wear?

[Giving him his coat.]

JAC. Where is the tear? [examining the coat.]

GEO. The tear?

JAC. My rage did deface this,

But mended the place is.

GEO. Yes, mended the place is.

Oh, I see clearly, I can guess—yes, for lo,
 On, looking closely can be plainly traced
 The gentle work of tears,
 By me to be effaced,
 Oh Georgette, Georgette!

[Presses his hand over his eyes.

GEO. Now in your turn,
 Why do you weep? Let tears begone.
 Why is it, say, that your bouquet
 Is not worn by Margot,
 Who asked for it to-day?
 My bouquet?
 Here, Jacques! [Showing the bouquet to him.]
 No Margot e'er shall wear this,
 Thou alone canst seal my bliss,
 Oh, Georgette, my faithful love,
 You my truth shall prove. [Embracing her.]

[Ensemble JACQUES and GEORGETTE.]

Yes, my constant faithful love,
 Plighted now shall truthful prove.

[The bells begin a merry peal—a PEASANT GIRL attaches a bouquet of orange flowers to GEORGETTE's dress, and another places a wreath upon her head. They dress the stage as if to proceed to the wedding.]

JAC. Ring now, merrily, ye joyous village bells,
 Loud through the bright air let your music sound,
 Those confiding smiles all doubt and care dispel,
 In true love alone happiness is found.

CHORUS.

Ring now, joyous, ring the village bells!
 Joyous, ring now, village bells!
 Loud through the bright air
 Let your music sound joyous,
 For in true love alone
 Happiness is found.

END OF THE OPERA.